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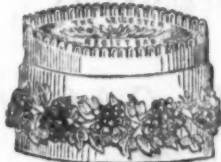
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 117.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

TORY LEADERS v. LIBERAL LEADERS IN MANCHESTER.

WE suppose that there are in the Conservative party in Manchester, men of intellectual capacity, and of position; men who have rendered political services. But if there are, they seldom or never appear on public platforms to give countenance to the proceedings of their party. We must suppose that there are men of wealth in the Conservative party in Manchester, but if so; their deeds do not shine forth before their fellow-citizens. Not long ago we pointed out that not one subscription in twenty of any amount for the Indian famine came from Tory purses; and besides, everybody knows that poor Mr. Tom Rose, the treasurer of the Tory party, has enormous difficulties in getting the party to pay their election bills. With Mr. Bennett they quarreled because he would not pay as much as they expected towards the contest in which he was defeated; and that wandering outcast, Mr. Powell, was bled at the last election in a heartless manner. Mr. Houldsworth is reported to be wealthy, and free with his money, so no doubt from him the money to buy the publicans and to hire rowdies will be obtained with becoming ease.

But if the Tory party be wanting in men who are generous in giving for public objects, what shall we say of the intellectual capacity and the business position of those who appear on Tory platforms? The other day there was a meeting of the Junior Conservative Club to "organise" for the Pomona demonstration. Who were the leaders of the party there assembled, and what was their political status? Mr. Maclure was in the chair, and though Mr. Maclure is a big, good-natured boy—tolerated by Liberals for his good nature, and disliked by Tories for his overbearing manners towards his equals, still Mr. Maclure, an intellect and in knowledge of Manchester interests, cannot be said to represent the opinion of Manchester politicians. Mr. H. H. Howorth, a young barrister, kindly, genial, and honest when he is not on a platform, followed Mr. Maclure. But what part can he be said to take in Manchester life? We fancy he declaims on Pomona platforms for amusement, and not from any real sympathy with the affairs of this great city. To him succeeded Mr. W. E. Stutter, a gentleman who never should have had any ambition beyond the board of directors at the Athenæum, which position he has made it the business of his life to attain—of course, without success. We are told that he has tried to get on the board at the Athenæum for twenty years, and that he has always been defeated—by those who knew him. We have known him as a Liberal, voting for Messrs. Cheetham and Rawson; and as a Tory, supporting—if support it be—Mr. Powell. We have known him, now as a Protestant and now as a Catholic denouncing Protestants. We have seen him lying on the floor of the platform of the Free Trade Hall half killed by Mr. Maclure's friends; and now Mr. Maclure is fain to put up with the support of such a man, to be glad of it, and to call him "my friend Mr. Stutter." The list at the Junior Conservative is complete when we add Dr. Peter Royle, who is respectable as a medical man, and Mr. J. E. Middlehurst. If such men as these be the leaders of a great party in Manchester, what are we to say of the tail?

But we had forgotten. There are other leaders, who lead in different ways. A Mr. Ziffer tried to disturb the great Liberal meeting in Stevenson Square, and most amusing it was to watch him. When he appeared from Withington, puffing a bad cigar, there was an animated discussion as to who he really was. Opinion drifted round to the idea that he was either from some peculiar canton in Switzerland or that he was an Austrian. He did not appear to lack courage (for he was protected by two policemen) as he, standing on the top of a cab, tried to speak to the vast meeting. How good-natured a Liberal crowd is! Although they could have maltreated him with the greatest ease, they

merely laughed at the contemptible figure he cut, continually falling as he was from the roof of the cab on to his own manly face! Mr. Ziffer's exertions did not end at Stevenson Square, for about six o'clock he appeared, with about fifty other roughs, including Mr. Anderton, the son of a member of the School Board, who carried a flag, at the door of the Reform Club. Mr. Ziffer attempted a speech, which was intended to be the prelude to another attempt to break the windows of the Club, but the sudden advent of a couple of policemen put him and his roughs to instant flight. Nobody, from his appearance, could mistake Mr. Ziffer for a gentleman, so we can understand his conduct; but how can Mr. Maclure bring himself to associate with and countenance such a man? And now we come to the very end of the tail of the Tory party. It is not a long tail, and apparently it is much the same throughout its length. However, Major Rodney O'Shea is the tail-end. The other day, when Mr. John Bright, M.P., was speaking at the Town Hall, on India, Mr. O'Shea tried to interrupt him thus: "Who is that spaking," said he; "what does he know of Indiar? He never was in Indiar. I have been in Indiar; I know all about Indiar. What does a fellow like Bright know about Indiar?" If this Tory Irishman had lived a thousand years in India, we know of no living soul who would care to have any opinion of his on that country. And yet this is a leader of the Tory party, and he is befriended by Mr. Maclure. It was he who led the drunken mob on Wednesday week from Albert Square to the Free Trade Hall, when they smashed the boards announcing the Liberal meeting. It is not yet certain whether the proceedings that are to be taken against him will assume a civil form, or the other, for his conduct at the Reform Club. Meanwhile, such as he is, Mr. W. H. Houldsworth and Mr. Maclure are responsible for his actions.

We have not space to contrast here at length the difference between the calibre of a Tory and a Liberal meeting. We have shown the kind of men the Tories delight to honour in Manchester, so let us very briefly glance at the platform of a Liberal meeting. In the chair sits Mr. Robert Leake, a gentleman traditionally connected with the municipal and political life of Manchester and Salford, and with the trade of both towns. His thoughtful face and bearing mark him out at the first glance as one who would not in any cause mix himself up with Stutters and Ziffers, with Middlehursts and Rodney O'Sheas. In a moment you see that he will only play a fair game or none at all. Next him is Mr. Thomas Ashton, the beau ideal of a merchant prince, who could boast—but he never boasts—that every time Manchester has had a seat to offer in Parliament, to him it has been offered. The Tory party has never had a man in Manchester who has combined all the qualities that go to make up a perfect citizen so completely as Mr. Thomas Ashton. Next Mr. Ashton is the keen, enthusiastic, and eloquent Doctor of the Laws, Dr. Pankhurst, whose services to the cause of education and of political life all handsomely acknowledge. Beside him may be Mr. Alderman Heywood, whose life is one long history of services rendered to the people. Not far off may be Mr. Crompton Potter, of Messrs. E. Potter and Co., who are perhaps the largest calico printers in the world. Then there will be the Agnews and the Armitages, whom we all know so well. Not far off will be Mr. J. A. Beith, of Messrs. Beith, Stevenson, and Co., looking very aggressive and ready to deal out hard blows, if he has a chance, against all the enemies of Liberalism. To the front will be Mr. Stanway Jackson, who is a very effective platform speaker, and next to him is sure to be Mr. Samuel Watts, whom we all hope to see before long member for some Lancashire borough. At the back, probably, will be the massive head of Mr. John Slagg, so well known on 'Change and in the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and from whom so much is expected by his friends. These then are, roughly speaking, the Liberal leaders, and what a contrast they present to the Tory leaders! In intellect and statesmanship it would be an insult to compare them for one moment with the followers that Mr. Maclure is content to command.

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OUR LONDON LETTER.

[BY PRIVATE TELEPHONE.]

[Our readers will be glad to hear that we have made arrangements with a gentleman who occupies a very important position in the Metropolis, and who is deep in the secrets of all the crowned heads of Europe, of the chief men in both political parties, and, indeed, of "everybody as is anybody"—to supply us occasionally with interesting items of news. Our contributor, however, appears to think that the *Jackdaw* is a Conservative paper, and has evidently looked up the *Courier* to see what sort of London correspondence suits the Conservatives of Manchester. We print his letter as he sends it for this time, and have advised him to write differently in future.—Ed. *City Jackdaw*.]

LONDON, Thursday.

The debate in the House of Commons may be said to have reached a climax on Monday night. Of course, though Mr. Gladstone has confessed himself to be an agitator, and is, as I am informed on the highest authority, strongly suspected of being connected with several of the recent robberies of jewellery, as well as of having committed arson and forgery, yet one is bound, unhappily, to admit that he has a certain, though very unfounded, reputation for eloquence, and there was consequently a full House. You will hardly require to be told that those who expected an oratorical display were thoroughly disappointed. I may say that in the whole course of my experience I have never heard such drivel as the member for Greenwich uttered. Poor in matter, flat in style, and absolutely wicked in conception, the ex-Premier's speech excited the intense disgust of all members, except a few noisy Radicals, who showed their own stupidity by applauding it. From beginning to end there was neither rhyme nor reason in Mr. Gladstone's speech, and had it not been that the members on the Ministerial side of the House feared every moment that, in his frenzy, he might rush forward and attempt to destroy the Speaker, they could not have stayed to hear such utter nonsense. It was with no small sense of relief that we saw Mr. Hardy rise to reply, and that gifted man did not disappoint our high expectations. No more magnificent oratorical outburst was ever heard within the walls of the House. The speech was a perfect masterpiece of sound reasoning, apt illustrations, brilliant wit, and splendid rhetoric, and in after days men will quote the name of Hardy alongside those of Demosthenes and Cicero. Of course, we could not expect to keep up at this high pressure, but a low groan was uttered as Mr. Pease rose to give utterance to some maudlin sentiments, in which he was followed by Mr. Forsyth, who, though a Conservative, had the audacity to intimate his willingness to accept Mr. Gladstone's proposition. Then came a grand speech from Sir Henry Wolff, who utterly demolished every argument of the two or three Liberals who had preceded him. We were then doomed to half-an-hour of that "tinkling mediocrity," as I see the *Manchester Courier* properly styles him, Mr. Chamberlain, of whom I need only say that he conclusively proved his unfitness to act even as Chairman of the most unimportant Local Board in England. The rising of Mr. Chaplin, who gave the ex-Premier such a terrible castigation last year, brought forth loud cheers, which were again and again renewed as he showed Gladstone up in his true colours, and made the House ring with denunciatory eloquence which Burke might have envied. Mr. Gladstone, of course, dared not reply; and you will have laughed to see how his friends try to excuse his prudent cowardice by the assertion that Mr. Chaplin took care to speak after the ex-Premier. Some incoherent and twaddling remarks from Mr. Childers brought the debate to a close for that night, and I need not refer to any other portion of it. Your readers will see clearly enough that this ordeal has shown that the Tory speakers are the very first men in the world, and the Radical drivellers the very last.

My friend the Prince—Wales, I mean, of course—told me a good joke he made the other day. He was trying to get on a new boot several sizes too small, and at last in despair exclaimed, "I am afraid all my efforts will be bootless." This exquisite witticism has gone the round of the clubs, and occasioned fits of laughter wherever it has been told.

I hear, on the very highest authority, that the Queen does not intend to abdicate this year. Her Majesty is, however, firmly resolved, in any case, to go down to Balmoral at the usual time.

A singular commentary on Mr. Gladstone's statement that he does not intend to resume the leadership of the Radical party is afforded by the fact that he lately bought a new pair of reins from a saddler in the Haymarket. He made some excuse about them being intended for his horses at Hawarden, but I am informed, on high authority, that this purchase,

which the saddler has mentioned publicly, is regarded by his party as typical of his intention to take the reins of power again as soon as possible.

I have every reason to believe that the Earl of Beaconsfield has no intention whatever of dissolving Parliament. My informant is a friend of mine—a nobleman, who had it from his valet, who is the brother of the cook, who is engaged to the Premier's butler's son, so there can be no doubt of the truth of the statement.

I have the best reason for believing that Lord Hartington is anything but satisfied with his position, and contemplates an immediate resignation of his position as leader of the Liberal party. My informant was the milkman, whose brother is footman at his Lordship's chambers, and the brother, having his ear to the keyhole of the door of a room in which the Marquis and a friend were sitting the other day, heard his Lordship say, with a yawn, "Bless me, I'm as tired as a dog!" There can be no doubt that he alluded to his position in the party, and the legitimate inference is that he contemplates resignation.

SONGS OF THE DAY.—No. VIII.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

"There is a lying spirit abroad."—*Mr. Cross's speech in House of Commons.*

IN truth there is. The Father of all Lies
Must feel enchanted with his great success.
No lie too monstrous now to be believed,
No baseness is too low to find support;
Each brutal passion now is getting vent
Each petty jealousy and vengeful spite
Obtrude themselves upon the public ear,
Loud clamouring for audience. Upstart pride
And all antique corruptions coalesce
In blind, malignant fury, to efface
All thoughts of honour, justice, love, and truth,
And, like the blasting simoon, sweeps along,
Killing the nobler life. But whose the lie?
His, who, in spite of threats by you and yours,
Has saved his country from the last great crime
A nation can commit? Who barred the way
When all the hungry jackals at your back
Thirsted for Russian blood—and English gold?
Who, by long distant generations, will be held
One of the greatest of his country's sons,
And whose reverberating fame shall peal
Down through the corridors of furthest time;
Whose image, even now, has found a place
In the great Pantheon of English gods?
Say, think ye him the liar? Or, is it he
To whom ye all are slaves, and have been tools
By which he carved his way to place and power;
Who scarce had entered those historic walls
Ere he, with brazen face and specious tongue,
Polluted them with falsehood; who, through life,
Has never entertained one noble thought
Or generous idea, but has striven
Merely for selfish ends, for self-remown,
And would destroy each fabric in this realm
If with the ruins he could build a tower
Of strength unto himself; who rests his power
Upon the vilest passions of his kind,
Their superstition and their love of beer,
And hounds on Tory mobs to break the laws
Which he has sworn to guard? Say which you think,
You who have some renown for honesty,
Worthy the name of — we hold back the term.

SCIENTIFIC SLAUGHTER.

NOW that the dogs of war have been let loose so long between Russia and Turkey, and that the processes of Scientific Slaughter are likely to be augmented by our Government, the following lines, taken from Moore's Almanac for 1929, under the heading of "Monthly Observations," may be pondered with interest:—

When'er contending princes fight
For private pique or public right,
Armies are raised, the fleets are manned,
They combat both by sea and land.
When, after many battles past,
Both, tired of blows, make peace at last,
What is it, after all, the people get?
Why—taxes, widows, wooden legs, and debt.

THOSE MANCHESTER MEN!

[A NOVEL: BY MRS. LINNET SPANKS.]

CHAPTER IV.

WE left the man whose alias is Jones in the grave in the Infirmary cellars, which Reedy, Lirbey, and Macurel had dug for him, and where they intended him to stay until Reedy should have time to ascertain by the aid of his dissecting instruments what sort of individual Jones really was—an inquiry which, had it come off, would certainly have made an important contribution to physiological science.

But it did not come off.

The three conspirators had not left a quarter of an hour, when Jones, with that want of consideration for other people's plans which always characterised him, got out of the grave.

As a rule, this would be a difficult operation for the occupants of most graves. But in this case it was quite easy. You see Lirbey and Reedy and Macurel had forgotten one very important part of the sexton's duty. They had not filled in the grave again after planting Jones.

Next time they have to perform the same work they will take care not to leave it unfinished.

However, on this occasion, Jones took advantage—we may say a mean advantage—of their forgetfulness, and, as related, he got out.

The next thing to do was, of course, to get out of the Infirmary, and this was not so easy. To return by the way he came in was impossible, for although Jones could climb up pillars he was rather afraid of sliding down. All the doors were locked at this time of night, and though he might have broken a window and got into the grounds, yet this was dangerous, because the proceeding might be observed by some policeman who had so far forgotten his duty to himself and his family as to be wandering about in the cold. To stay where he was would have been still more dangerous, for although there was plenty of good sustenance, yet the three conspirators might return at any moment and he would be certain to fall a victim to their vengeance.

Jones was puzzled. However, he thought it might be advisable to leave the cellar at once; so he left, and got upstairs into the corridors.

Then he began to consider the position of things, and while that philosophical brain was engaged in consideration up came the night watchman. The situation was perilous—Jones's, I mean, not the night watchman's, which, indeed, was perfectly safe, with thirty shillings a week, besides beer—but Jones was equal to it.

"Good Heavens!" said the watchman; "who the devil are you? and what are you up to?" and he laid his hard, though honest, hand on the stranger's collar.

"Oh!" said Jones, "I beg your pardon for disturbing you, but I am a corpse. I have just died upstairs, and, as everybody was asleep and very tired, I, with that humane consideration which is my distinguishing characteristic, thought I would save them the trouble of carrying me to the deadhouse by walking there alone."

The watchman was instantly reassured. Indeed, it struck him that this was the most admirable corpse he had ever met with, and he thought that if all corpses had the humane consideration for other people which was the distinguishing characteristic of this corpse, life would be much more agreeable than it is.

"But pray," resumed Jones, "do not let me interrupt your agreeable promenade through these palatial corridors. If you will kindly direct me I will proceed to my destination."

"Certainly," returned the watchman with equal politeness; "allow me to have the exquisite pleasure of showing you the way."

This was awkward, for Jones did not want to be escorted into the deadhouse, but there was no help for it.

The watchman led the way to the house, unlocked the door, showed Jones a soft slab, and was about to bid him a cordial good night when Jones arrested him.

"I am sure you will excuse me," said he, "but I should take it as a particular favour if you would leave the door partially open. My request may appear to you somewhat singular, but the fact is that I have all my life had a nervous horror of being locked up alone, and I cannot even now shake off this feeling."

"The request is certainly singular, and to grant it is against the rules," said the watchman, "but I really can refuse you nothing."

And the watchman departed, leaving the door unlocked, and thinking that the humane consideration and gentlemanly feeling which were the

distinguishing characteristics of this corpse were really marvellous, and entitled him to the highest respect and esteem.

As soon as the watchman was gone, Jones went too, and as he walked off to — he thought that this watchman was the most remarkable ass he had ever met.

CHAPTER V.

It is understood to be a perfectly legitimate thing for a novelist of the modern "school" to fill up a few pages now and then with minute descriptions of his heroes' or heroines' mental and physical idiosyncrasies, interspersing the description with remarks of a very profound and decidedly unintelligible nature. Such a course is obviously only fair to the writer, for it would be too much to expect all novelists to fill up their volumes with matter strictly cognate to the plot—where there is a plot. It might be objected that if an author has not enough matter to fill up three volumes without philosophical or descriptive padding, he ought to put his story into two; but those who use this argument forget that three volumes sell for thirty-one-and-six, and two for only a guinea, so that the reduction of quantity would obviously be followed by a reduction of profit. We, feeling bound to follow the accepted rule, and having an eye to the main chance, had intended to devote the fifth chapter of this, our intensely interesting and dazzlingly-brilliant historical romance, to a full description of the man Jones in his mental aspect, and then we should have gone on to show what relation he bore to antique civilization, and what relation antique civilization bore to him. We should have considered him as an objective and a subjective phenomenon, and, after a great number of deep observations, have branched off into a disquisition on the active bearing and probable solution of every social and political problem under the sun. This, it may be remarked for the benefit of young authors, is a capital way of making copy, because each of these philosophical paragraphs requires another paragraph for its elucidation, and that paragraph in its turn another explanatory paragraph, and so on *ad infinitum*, until your editor or publisher pulls you up short. However, as the editor has intimated to us that if we do not leave all this out he certainly will, we have concluded to give only a few facts about Jones, which are necessary for our purpose. The philosophical dissertations will, however, be found in *extenso* when this work appears in a book form.

The most striking thing about this eminent man was his intense love of the Church Establishment. His blood used to boil when he heard that glorious institution attacked, and he was never weary of writing letters to the papers in order to prove that this was the best of all possible churches. We have seen how intimate he must have been with the Rector of Orpstock since he asked that that worthy man might come to give him absolution when Reedy and Macurel and Lirbey were going to finish him as they thought, and indeed he and the rector had the best of all possible reasons for loving each other. He was also a bosom friend of the Vicar of Hashton without Mercy—the first word in the name, let us remark, being a corruption of the French word *acheter*—to buy. There were a number of other clergymen—the incumbents of Cheathell, of Lowswain, of Berry, of Candlewick, and many more who entertained for him the most paternal feelings, and the chief pastor of the district was never weary of singing his praises and of holding him up as a model young man. And yet all this virtue could not save him from the most scandalous insinuations, for there were many who, from jealousy, said he didn't love the Church at all, that it was all makebelieve, and that if he had his way he would have deprived many deserving men of the opportunity of putting a little money in their pockets, by allowing people to pay them for telling benighted villagers every Sunday that they were a set of miserable sinners. But Jones did not care, for he had the courage which arises from conscious innocence.

If Jones had any fault it was that of a tendency to very considerably spoil the little schemes which worthy people had planned for their own benefit. It will be remembered that in the third chapter of this voracious work, one of the people in the cellar observed that Jones had spoilt some of their little plans already. And so he had. How, we need not explain, because the occurrences were anterior to the date at which our first chapter commences. We have had for the present enough of Jones, so we'll leave him tramping over — stones, and giving vent to many groans, because of aching in his bones, and feeling savage as he owns, in frightfully bad-tempered tones, which almost seem like painful moans, that being put in a grave alive is apt to give one the rheumatism.

CHAPTER VI.

Sir Joseph Jeron was universally admitted to be about as smart a man as there was on this side of the Atlantic, and when on one occasion he went over to America the Yankees all said he was a good deal 'enter than any of themselves. It is therefore obvious that he must have been about the spryest man in the world, and at any rate, in the course of travels, which have extended from Ashton-under-Lyne to Didsbury, and from Patricroft to Oldham, we have never met a spryer.

On the morning after the extraordinary occurrence related in the preceding chapter, Sir Joseph Jeron was sitting in his sumptuously-furnished room at the Town Hall, when — but we must reserve the rest of this chapter for our next issue.

(To be continued.)

REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE VISION.—

W. ARONSBERG has made it his special study to adapt Spectacles and Eye Glasses so as to remedy, and, so far as possible, completely remove, the inconveniences which arise from defective sight.—12, VICTORIA STREET.



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

One of Leonard Bright's complete short Stories of Manchester Life is given in the *City Jackdaw* nearly every week. The following have already appeared:—

BROKEN DOWN.—In No. 99, October 5, 1877.
 HEAVY HEARTS.—In No. 101, October 19, 1877.
 THE BOLTED DOOR.—In No. 102, October 26, 1877.
 CLARA BROWN.—In No. 103, Nov. 2, 1877.
 BOUND HAND AND FOOT.—In No. 104, Nov. 9, 1877.
 MRS. ALLGOOD'S SECRET.—In No. 105, Nov. 16, 1877.
 WON BY A NECK.—In No. 106, Nov. 23, 1877.
 THE RIGHT WINS.—In No. 109, Dec. 14, 1877.
 AT LAST.—In No. 110, Dec. 21, 1877.
 RING OUT THE OLD! RING IN THE NEW!—In No. 111, Dec. 28, 1877.
 STAGGERING HOME.—In No. 112, Jan. 4, 1878.
 TOO GOOD FOR THIS WORLD.—In No. 114, Jan. 18, 1878.
 HARD-UP.—In No. 115, Jan. 25, 1878.

Copies of the papers containing these Stories will be sent by post from the Publishing Office for 14d. each.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT many wise men believe that Europe is trembling on the brink of a tremendous war.

That our Government are evidently going to put their foot in it once more.

That it does not make for peace to go into a so-called friendly Conference at the point of the bayonet.

That we fear our Government's sole object will be to befriend Turkey and offend Russia in the Conference.

That Russia won't stand it; that she won't allow herself to be robbed by us of all the spoils of victory.

That war to the death between Russia and England will follow.

That it was our pro-Turkish Government which brought about the war between Russia and Turkey, and that it will be our pro-Turkish Government which will bring about the war between Russia and ourselves.

That the Tories can look forward to all this with a light heart.

That they will change their tune by and bye, and be as anxious to sigh and cry for "Peace" then, as they are eager to shout and yell for "War" to-day.

That the feeling in the country on the part of the War Party is growing extremely bitter against the Peace Party.

That the Government have made a mess of it abroad and landed us almost in a state of anarchy at home.

That people are wondering whether Mr. Algernon Egerton, M.P., had anything to do with sending the "lambs" from Walkden to disturb the great anti-war meeting at the Free Trade Hall.

That Mr. Ziffer, who tried to disturb the Liberal meeting in Stevenson Square, is not an Englishman.

That many stupid people in Stevenson Square thought he was.

That they were never further from the mark.

That Mr. Ziffer is a foreigner whose only anxiety is to preserve British interests.

That Mr. Ziffer knows what he is after.

That so did the people who turned him out of the Square in such an ignominious manner.

That Mr. Ziffer roared, kicked, and flourished his stick in a way that might have terrified others than those with whom he had to deal.

That the thousands of Liberals in the Square only laughed at him.

That Mr. Ziffer, too, laughs heartily over that episode, now that he has had time to collect himself.

That he has ordered a thousand copies of this day's *Jackdaw* in distribution in Austria, Switzerland, Turkey, &c.

That everybody is wondering who Major O'Shea is.

That we cannot inform them.

That he greatly distinguished himself in the recent Tory demonstrations in the City.

That the public are likely to hear a good deal more both of the gallant Major and his performances.

MR. J. W. MACLURE AND HIS "FACTS."

["He might tell them that telegrams were being sent by the authorities of the Birmingham Radicals to every Liberal member, telling them that if they dared to appear and vote for the Government they would lose their seats at the next election."—*Speech at Pomona Gardens.*]

MY dear Maclure,
 Are you quite sure

That your last asseveration

Was quite correct,

Or what we expect

At a Tory demonstration?

In, dear Maclure,

Your idea so poor

Of our Liberal Federation

That you think they sent

What to all intent

Was a note of intimidation?

Was your conscience pure

When you spoke, Maclure,

Of the "spirit of lies" in the nation?

Whence, pray explain,

Does Dizzy obtain

His truthful inspiration?

We know, Maclure,

You are secure

At a Tory demonstration,

Where a lie's received

(When it's not believed)

With yells of approbation.

But, my dear Maclure,

Don't think that you're

Concealed from observation;

The stuff you talk

Makes you a mark

For proper castigation.

Yes, yes, Maclure,

Though your follies procure

Your popular inflation,

If you don't take care,

Why, then, beware

Your proper classification!

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

WHO WANTS WAR?

MURDER will out. The present agitation throughout the country throws a flood of light on the agitation arising out of the Bulgarian atrocities. In both cases the Liberals spoke and voted in favour of progress, freedom, and peace. By their silence in the former, and their voice in the latter instance, the Tories, on the contrary, supported stagnation, tyranny, and war. We now know who it is that wants war. It is our friends the Tories. If our Government had not rejected the Berlin Memorandum, Turkey would have granted the necessary reforms, and peace have been preserved. Again, if our Government had not given the Turk good grounds for expecting the aid of England, he would not have withstood the Conference and defied Europe. In that case, there would have been no hostilities between Russia and Turkey, no Plevna and no Shipka with their heaps of slain and wounded soldiers. While professing to be peaceful, the Tories have been, and are, wanting war.

Look at the two great demonstrations held in Manchester on Saturday. The men who met in Stevenson Square longed for peace; the boys who assembled in Pomona Gardens panted after war. The Liberal gathering was one of the most remarkable demonstrations ever witnessed. It was only on Saturday morning that the placards were posted; yet, within some six or seven hours, from ten to twelve thousand men—most of them working men—rallied together in the Square. All the speeches breathed peace. Mr. Alderman Heywood said he could not imagine any other answer than one upon the subject on which he should propose a resolution. He could not suppose that they would be guilty in the slightest degree of manifesting any other opinion with regard to that great question than one in favour of peace. It was a very nice question to put to a man to ask him to give an opinion as to whether we should go to war or not. If all their pursuits in connection with their large cities and towns, all the employments of their people, the proper realisation of profits from capital—if all these were to be preserved, the only way in which they could be preserved was by the maintenance of peace. Mr. Robert Leake was equally outspoken and clear as to the object of the demonstration. He looked round on that sea of faces, he said, and he found intelligence and patience and endurance—no intolerance; he found men whose life-long experience had made them thoroughly understand and deeply love the principles which lay at the base of the great Liberal party; and if there was one principle more than another that was the heart-core of the Liberal party, it was that which compelled them to remain at peace with all humanity so long as liberty permitted it. As was to be expected, Dr. Pankhurst's voice was raised on behalf of the same sacred cause. They were, he said, standing up that day for peace as against war; they were standing up for honesty in Government and public life; they were there declaring that for them the one supreme object of political duty was liberty, and truth, and justice for this country and for all the world. They had that afternoon, in the most magnificent spirit of unanimous enthusiasm, demanded of this country a policy of equity and peace, and honourable dealing between all nations. War to-day meant disaster to the nation, ruin to their prospects, and, above all, the maintenance all over Europe of the deadly blight of despotism and tyranny. In a short, spirited speech, Councillor W. H. Bailey said they had just told the Chief Decorator to Her Majesty, by the voice of the people of Manchester—a voice that had been heard in ancient times, and had made itself felt in the history of progress—that they would have none of it, and that our money, which was hardly earned in these bad times, should not be spent to make trade worse and to spill the blood of English people for interests in which we were not concerned. What the several speakers wanted, what each one of these thousands of earnest men wanted, was peace—peace so long as our liberties are untouched and our rights unassailed. It is true that one gentleman—said to be Mr. Ziffer, a Swiss—drove up in a cab and made a desperate, but shortlived, effort to harangue the crowd and carry an amendment in favour of war. Mr. Ziffer's cabby was wiser than he; for he drove off again after a few minutes' stay. We hope that Mr. Ziffer was not seriously hurt by the sharp fall which he had while holding forth on the top of the cab. We also trust that the well-deserved ridicule which the mad freak brought down upon himself will make him a less violent politician.

Down at Pomona the meeting was, of course, a large one. The *Courier* puts it at thirty thousand, because the chairman, the great J. W. M., announced it to be twenty-nine thousand. The actual figures would be somewhere about fifteen thousand, rather less than more, but taking even the *Courier's* estimate, and admitting that there were thirty thousand, we

make bold to assert that of this number, after you had deducted the boys, the girls, and the strangers, there would not have been two thousand voters left. Of course, a large mob is far more likely to assemble at Pomona than in Stevenson Square, because in the first place they have not often the opportunity of getting into the place for nothing, and in the second they could get beer at Pomona and they couldn't in the Square—an all-important consideration with the rank and file of the Tory party. As for the meeting itself, it was more replete with farcical elements than any we have before seen. The Tories never seem to think—and justly so—that they cannot rely on their own arguments or the strength of their cause to excite enthusiasm. They must always have some silly stage properties which are made to serve the same purpose as scenery at a theatre. On this occasion they had provided themselves with two large portraits of Dizzy and the Queen, placed back to back—which certainly was placing the Premier in a very ungallant position—and it was the duty of a youth, who had evidently been promised an extra shilling if he did it well, to raise these portraits aloft, and alternately turn them to the view of the meeting. Then they had two flags, or pocket handkerchiefs, made to resemble Union Jacks, and looking for all the world as if they had been stolen from the Christmas tree at White's bazaar, and the henchmen to whom was entrusted the business of waving these flags frantically at intervals, seemed as delighted with the toys as a little girl who has had a present of a new doll's house. But though the mob derived great amusement from the little pictures and Christmas tree flags, it was nothing to their unbounded enjoyment when three or four persons marched in bearing a rude effigy, of which the face was a penny mask, and which bore the inscription, "Gladstone, England's traitor." It was well that this inscription was given, for it so happened that if the hideous mask was like any human being in this world it certainly bore a far greater resemblance to Dizzy than to Gladstone. The delight of the intellectual crowd culminated subsequently when a person amongst them gave the signal for the destruction of the figure by aiming a blow at it with a stick. There was an immediate rush; the unfortunate effigy was torn to pieces in a moment; those nearest actually dancing on the fragments in their frantic glee, and then throwing pieces of the clothes up to the platform so that Mr. Birch, and Dr. Royle, and Mr. Stutter, and the rest might give them a kick. Fancy a man like Mr. Maclure, who is supposed to move in a good position in society, and to know all the Cabinet personally; a person like Mr. Howorth, who, as he is a barrister, may be supposed to have some little culture; a man like Dr. Royle, another member of a liberal profession; and individuals like Messrs. Thomas and Arthur Birley, who, at any rate, ought to have some self respect, all applauding this childish outburst of ignorant malice! But there seems to be no sounding the depth to which Tory leaders will descend in pandering to the low passions of followers, who would turn round and treat their effigies or themselves in the same way on the slightest provocation. If Messrs. Maclure, Croston, Birley, Howorth, and the rest had a spark of the patriotism which they vapour about with such sickeningunction, they would rather let the State take its chance, even with Mr. Gladstone, than save it with the aid of a mob of rowdies such as these. The respect in which the mob holds them was shown when they began to speak. So anxious was their audience to hear them that they would not keep quiet for a minute, and even the great Maclure, yelling at the top of his dulcet voice, could not make himself heard a dozen yards off. Where he failed, the others were not likely to succeed. In vain Dr. Peter Royle almost cracked his voice; in vain Mr. Howorth shouted and stamped on the reporters' table till he got nearly black in the face; in vain Mr. J. A. Birch declaimed with that solemn unctuousness which makes it such a delight to listen to him; in vain Mr. W. E. Stutter, one of the wise men of Manchester, who knows all about the international law, and is perfectly assured that no one else does, squeaked his loudest—the meeting could not, and would not hear them, and they had to be content with bawling down at the *Courier* reporters. The meeting did not lose much. Surely such rampant nonsense, such blatant, unqualified stupidity, never before was uttered. If any one doubts this let him read, for one instance, the chairman's speech, not as it is judiciously "improved" in the *Courier*, but as it is faithfully reported in the *Guardian*. And J. W. M.'s oration was sensible in comparison with most of the others. Of course, every speaker vowed by all his gods that he did not want England to go to war, and in order to prove it each of them advocated a policy the adoption of which would take us into war before even another diplomatic note was sent to Russia. As for Mr. Howorth, he specially distinguished himself. We thought he would have gone into a fit as he tramped about the reporters' table in a state of abso-

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST. 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

late frenzy. One of the chief objects of this gentleman's life at present seems to be to let people know that he has been to Russia, knows all about it, and therefore speaks with peculiar authority. He has been there. He spent a fortnight's holiday in the Czar's dominions once, when the Geographical Society went; and on the strength of this he has the "cheek" to claim a personal acquaintance with an empire which covers about a sixth of the globe, and to try and make people believe that he knows, if anything, more about Russian politics than Prince Gortschakoff himself. His is the most hopeless case we know of, except that of Mr. Stutter, who, it is clear, believes Mr. Gladstone to be an individual in black, with great horns, a long tail, and a pitchfork. Even Mr. Croston and Mr. Birch are mild and sane compared to these two gentlemen. "Mr. Croston on Mr. Gladstone," or "Mr. Stutter on Mr. Gladstone"—what a ludicrous association of ideas is contained in these headings! It is like a fly kicking an elephant. Of course, we would not commit the injustice of thinking that these gentlemen believe all they say. It would be too preposterous. The Chairman, in fact, let a part of the cat out of the bag. They had had the "authority" of the Government, he said, to delay the meeting until the Radicals had shown themselves in their true colours. This may have been a bit of his bombast, but possibly it is true, and probably at the same time they received "authority" to hold the meeting they had stringent instructions or "authority" to pile it on for the benefit of the poor deluded mortals who didn't listen to them. No doubt Mr. Croston had "authority" from the Premier to say that all "Gladstone's acts have been those of a traitor, whose name would be execrated by future generations." Mr. Croston is not so reckless or unscrupulous to think of this himself. Only the man who has made him and so many others his tools could suggest such a sentence. Those of the mob who could hear, cheered the sentiment, of course; but take care, Mr. Croston! the same mob that cheered this will one day make it hot for you and your friends, if you don't mind. We yet have sufficient belief in you to think that ere this you have come to the conclusion that the proceedings of the meeting were a disgrace, even to the Tory party.

Be it clearly understood that it is the Tories, not the Liberals, who want war. Let them go and fight, then, and a nice mess they will make of it without the Liberals.

SAUL ALSO AMONG THE PROPHETS.

WHO would have expected to find the *Pall Mall Gazette* also among the prophets? Yet so it is.

"If we want patriotic and intelligent citizens," it says, "to grow up from our rising generations, let us show them betimes that English history is not a mere list of events which 'breaks off' somewhere about the date from which living memory begins, but a continuous and living process which is still going on, and in the shaping of whose issues the humblest of Englishmen may be called on to take his part. Let us see that they know the defeat of the Spanish Armada as well as the capture of Jericho, and the Bill of Rights as well as the Laws of Solon. Let us teach them to revere the wisdom and valour by which the freedom, the power, and the prosperity of England have been built up, and to perceive that wisdom and valour are no less needed in our own time to maintain for the children what they won for the fathers. Let us make it plain to them that the welfare of England is above sects and parties, and the duty of preserving it for our successors the golden chain wherewith we are bound to the past and made partakers of the future. Let us give them something of the old Greek spirit which enabled a few cities to defy the countless hordes of Asia and save Europe from barbarism—the old English spirit which enabled our own ancestors, against hardly less odds, to save the world from the tyranny of Rome and Spain. A generation so trained would perhaps make less occasional noise over public affairs than the present one, but it would give more grave and sustained interest to them."

This is a little high-flown and grand for our taste. But it is very good, for all that. We quite agree that it would be well if our people were better acquainted with our own history. We further believe that, if such were the case, the *Pall Mall Gazette* would write less nonsense, and have a still more attenuated and select body of readers. A more intimate and extensive acquaintance with the facts of English history would likewise have the effect of greatly thinning the ranks of Toryism. The more a man faces facts, the less likely is he to be content with the fancies, the fictions, and the follies of Conservatism.

POETRY BY TELEGRAPH.

SOMEHOW or other there is invariably a remarkable breakdown when poetry reaches the daily newspapers by telegraph. An instance of this occurred this week in connection with Mr. Hardy's rattling and roaring reply to Mr. Gladstone's great conciliatory speech in the House of Commons. This is how the War Secretary's now famous poetical passage appeared in the Manchester morning papers:—

[Examiner.]

"Tom Moore said:—

Keep him always reversed in your thoughts, night and day,
Like an Irish barometer turned the wrong way.
If he's up you may swear that foul weather is nigh,
If he's down you may look for a bit of blue sky.
Never mind what debaters or journalists say,
Only ask what he thinks, and then think t'other way.

Is he all for the Turks? Then at once take the whole Russian Empire—Czar, Cossacks, and all—to your soul. In short, whatever he talks or is let your thoughts and words be the reverse. (Laughter and cheers.) I think that emphatically describes the policy set forth by the right hon. gentleman."

[Guardian.]

"Tom Moore said:—

Keep him always reversed in your thoughts night and day,
Like an Irish barometer turned the wrong way:
If he's up you may swear that foul weather is nigh,
If he's down you may look for a bit of blue sky.
Never mind what debates or journalists say,—
Only asks what he thinks, and then think t'other way.

Is he all for the Turks? Then at once take the whole Russian Empire, Czar, Cossacks, and all to your soul. In short, whatever he talks or is be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast of his.—(Laughter and cheers.) I think the passage emphatically describes the policy set forth by the right hon. gentleman."

[Courier.]

"Tom Moore said:—

Keep him always reversed in your thoughts night and day
Like an Irish barometer turned the wrong way;
If he's up you may swear that foul weather is nigh;
If he's down you may look for a bit of blue sky.
Never mind what debates or journalists say—
Only ask what he thinks, and then think t'other way.

(Laughter.) Is he all for the Turks? Then at once take the whole Russian Empire, Czar, Cossacks, and all to your soul.

In short, whatever he talks or whatever he is,
Be your thoughts, words, and actions the contrast of his.

(Laughter and cheers.) I think the passage emphatically describes the policy set forth by the right hon. gentleman."

According to the *Times*, what Mr. Hardy said was as follows:—

"The right hon. gentleman (Mr. Gladstone) in the new policy which he gave vent to the other day set up a particular person as the object to which political hatred was to be turned. (Hear, hear.) It was to be turned to Lord Beaconsfield, but to-night he is so kindly disposed to Lord Beaconsfield that he is willing to be party to an Address from both Houses assuring the Crown that they have the utmost confidence in Lord Beaconsfield. Now, Tom Moore was not a bad writer of satirical poems on politicians, and he suggests that a man should set up a sort of ideal, against which he should always act.

Keep him always reversed in your thoughts night and day,
Like an Irish barometer turned the wrong way.
If he's up you may swear that foul weather is nigh;
If he's down, you may look for a bit of blue sky.
Never mind what debaters or journalists say,
Only ask what 'he' thinks, and then think t'other way.
He is all for the Turks? Then at once take the whole Russian Empire, Czar and all, to your soul.
In short, whatever he talks, thinks, or is,
Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast of his.

(Laughter.) That passage emphatically describes the policy set forth by the right hon. gentleman at Oxford."

Very probably the reporting of the speech in London was bad. It is also more than likely that the telegraphing was bad. But it would also appear that the sub-editing of the copy in Manchester was not altogether perfect. In this instance, it seems, the *Courier*, though not quite correct, had the best of it.

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BRITISH INTERESTS.

[BY A SORDID RADICAL.]

"MY gallant countrymen, awake!"
 I heard a Tory shout;
 "Our foes are up, and we must make
 Them mind what they're about!"
 I asked that warlike Tory why
 He uttered these behests;
 He answered with the parrot cry
 Of "British Interests!"

"Say, what are these? Oh, mighty man,
 I prithee deign to show!"
 Says he, "I wonder how you can
 Pretend you do not know;
 Are you aware that danger dire
 The Turkish land invests,
 That 'What,' you pertly should inquire,
 'Are British Interests?'"

"And do you not the papers read
 About the Russian plans?
 That head of yours must be, indeed,
 A very silly man's.
 Ambition is the Russian's god;
 With zeal, that never rests,
 He's ever searching how to prod
 At British Interests."

"Shall great enormous armies strive
 (Whom we alone can thrash)
 To take and swallow up alive
 Ourselves, our land, and cash?
 All peaceful men and sordid chaps
 The Tory soul detests,
 So let us cheer and toss our caps
 For British Interests!"

'Twas thus the ardent Tory cried
 In patriotic tones—
 His name is Brown—but that's beside
 The question—mine is Jones.
 I own that his remarks were pat,
 But nought in them suggests
 An answer to the question—"What
 Are British Interests?"

It seems to me it best behoves
 (Although I may be lax)
 To think about the cost of loaves,
 Also the income tax!
 And on the whole I'm not inclined
 To go on dubious quests
 Like this, so vague and undefined,
 Of "British Interests."

HAPPY ECCLES!

MR. JACKDAW,—I am disposed to question the sincerity of the article under this heading, which you published lately. There is a little sarcasm hovering about it, I fear. Perhaps it was intended as irony, which I dislike very much. You forget that, as soon as the young folks have had their fling with their valentines, we are to have a mission in Eccles, and from the conscience strokes of that visitation the following, amongst the most telling results, are anticipated:—Mr. H. Whitworth and Mr. G. Trenbath will henceforth be sworn brothers; Mr. J. C. Mather and Mr. T. Farron will exchange teas frequently, and talk over public affairs as before; Mr. J. Bradburn and "The Owl" will sing a comic duet in public; Mr. Andrew and Mr. Royle will take their families together to the seaside, when the taxes are collected; Mr. Cowell and Mr. Baldwin will spend a day with them; Mr. James Mort will write up the Local Board, and be cordially invited by them to occupy the first vacant chair; Mr. Sparf and Citizen Ratcliffe will swear a life-long friendship, and

afterwards dine at the British Workman together; the shopkeepers and the Co-operative Society will agree to send for things by the back doors, to oblige customers mutually; the school managers will pay the pupil teachers better, and see that they have their money when it is due, recognising the fact that they have to be fed and clothed; a detailed account of the gas-bill expenditure will be published in the local prints; Messrs. Bell and Caudwell, barbers, will shave and poll for each other as exigencies may arise; the Vicar of Eccles and Canon Kershaw will exchange pulpits; conscience will compel the restoration of Mortimer's Key; there will be an underground passage between the two cake shops; Mr. W. Bradburn, gentleman, will become president of the Liberal Club and Mr. John Pearson become an active member on the committee at the Conservative Club; Mr. Burrows will approve everything done by the Local Board and the School Attendance Committee; the *Advertiser* will give up "palavering" the Vicar, and the *Journal* cease "toadying" to Mr. Trenbath; Silk Street will be paved; the members and officers of the Local Board will take care that their own property, and that in their charge, shall be put into complete repair before another farthing is charged on any other property owner; the Licensed Victuallers will hold a ball in the Good Templar Hall by the kind offices of Messrs. John Newton and Wrigley; Messrs. Spary, Nield, and Brighthouse will stand bareheaded for three hours on penitents' stools in the Market Place, to atone for the abolition of the wakes; "Zeta" will catch their tears in a basin, Messrs. Caudwell and Edward Clegg will be ready with sponge and towel to wipe their eyes, the Preservation Committee will be ready to carry them off shoulder height as martyrs, Mr. Pimlott will, of course, afterwards preside. The proceedings will wind up with a tripe supper, at the Cross Keys; Moody's and Sankey's hymns only will be sung. Mr. David Tidswell will act as precentor; Mr. Corner will address the assembly, without any allusion to politics; Mr. High Sentiment Barker will intone a prayer for the success of steam organs, specially composed by Dr. Novelty Evans; and Mr. Edwards will not offer to give "a nice report." The "Chapel" in Barton Lane will be converted into a Cathedral, and the Dean and Chapter will forswear local politics. When these things come to pass, know ye, sir, that days of felicity are before us. Know ye that "Happy Eccles" will be nigh at hand. Of course, there are cupidity, pride, vanity, selfishness, conceit, and some other "sinful lusts of the flesh" to be overcome before Eccles becomes a new paradise; and, not the least of all, there is a palpable want of Charity, as defined by Paul in his writings. These are so deep-seated as to hold out against one mission, and some will resist even the third.—I pray your assistance, Mr. Jackdaw, and am, yours,

No. 960, Tanners' Lane, Eccles.

PHILO ECCLES.

INTERVIEW WITH THE "SLEEPING BEAUTY."

WHAT we want to know is this—Which two members of the Hackney Coach Committee was it that had such a long interview with the Sleeping Beauty in their official room in the New Town Hall lately? Rumour sometimes lies, no doubt; but, to do her justice, she occasionally speaks the truth, as well. Well, that beautiful, lovely, charming, divine creature who is now appearing at the Theatre Royal as the Sleeping Beauty, took a cabman before the aforesaid committee for overcharging her. Two gentlemen—fortunate souls!—sat on the committee that day. They galloped through lots of cases. At last they trotted up to this one. The facts were simple: the distance was greater than the lady had supposed; the cabman was right; the complainant was wrong, and the case was dismissed without even calling on the lady to appear. Be it noted that the committee had never dreamed until then who the lady was; and when the cabby, or someone, let the cat out of the bag the committee consulted together, and at length came to the unanimous decision that no harm would be done by the lady herself being summoned into their august presence. Sly old dogs! The Sleeping Beauty was consequently ushered into the room, and we are informed that several trustworthy persons are prepared to take their oath that, although the case was all settled, her interview with the committee lasted quite twenty minutes. This, it is unnecessary to add, must be inquired into. The City Corporation must have a Morality Committee as well as a Nuisance Committee after this, each to hold the other in check.

CROSTON'S last lessons in pronunciation:—"Eleven helevants heyeing the helements." What the learned gentleman meant to say was this:—"Eleven elephants eyeing the elements."

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CAWS OF THE WEEK.

WE like hard hitting when hard hitting is at all justified. But, for all that, we fancy that Sir W. V. Harcourt was just a little too hard on poor, blustering Mr. Hardy during the debate. The hon. member for Oxford said that when he listened to the burning lava of the Secretary for War he felt like those unfortunate gentlemen who had been discovered in the streets of Pompeii. Talking of conciliation, he saw none in it, but should like to see the right hon. gentleman dressed, as he ought to be, in his war paint, for trying to stop him would be like stopping a steam engine at full speed. Unless the Secretary for War meant instant war his words were idle bounce, for, instead of being conciliatory, he went on hissing, fizzing, and bubbling until he disappeared altogether in steam. Like the war horse in the book of Job, he sniffed the battle from afar, and made a magnificent rush into the fray. Mr. Hardy, like the French M. Ollivier, would plunge his country into war with a light heart. Probably, however, also like Ollivier, Hardy would come out of the war with a heavy heart and a tarnished name.

Who can wonder that *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Royal continues to attract hosts of enthusiastic admirers nightly? This pantomime, indeed—which, it is said, cost three thousand pounds to be put on the stage—is simply one of the most gorgeous affairs that man ever saw. We wish the management all the success which it so well deserves.

THINGS are looking up in the Houses of Parliament. The noble Earl of Beaconsfield said the Cabinet were a united and happy family. The Earl of Derby and Lord Carnarvon denied that they were anything of the kind. Mr. Cross speaks of a "lying spirit" being abroad—meaning Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Hardy said that Mr. Trevelyan was guilty of uttering what was not true when he asserted that the Prime Minister wants to plunge England into a horrible and detestable war. Mr. Trevelyan resented the insult, and in the end our gallant War Secretary had to eat humble pie. What next?

BE it known unto all men, and all women, too, that on Friday next a team of Liverpool actors will play a football match with a team of Manchester actors at Whalley Range, every penny of the receipts to go on behalf of the widows and orphans of the Welsh miners who perished recently under such sad and exciting circumstances. Mr. E. G. Osborne, of the Prince's Theatre, deserves great credit for what he has done, and is yet prepared to do, in this matter.

THOUGH we care little about praise, and much less for compliment, we give the following from a correspondent:—"Last week's *Jackdaw* is, I think, the best, politically speaking, of any I have had the pleasure of perusing. It is refreshing to come across such plain speaking in reference to Beaconsfield after the smooth utterances of most of the papers. Things would be better were there more plain speaking. In regard to this vote of six millions, the country will surely speak out so plainly as to convince Beaconsfield and his friends that they must no longer trifle with us; and I hope that he will be made to feel that his reign of foolishness, brag, and lies is drawing to an end. It is curious, as you point out, to mark the favours that have been shown to him, compared with Gladstone. I do not think her Majesty will be thought any more of by her subjects for having so acted. The patch on the Crown seems to have gone a long way."

WE have received other letters with reference to the political portions of our last issue—some praising and others (Tories) condemning us. We never attempted to please all persons and parties. Praise from certain quarters would be severe censure. We have never questioned the honesty or the conscientiousness of those who differ from us. They have as much right as we have to think for themselves. No doubt, we often think they are wrong; but we wouldn't, on any account, deny them the privilege of thinking that we are wrong. Only, let them reason with us, instead of threatening us. The *Jackdaw* has always been amenable to reason; but as for threats—oh no! There are lots of men in Manchester who might convince us that we were wrong; but there is no man in Manchester who can frighten us into saying that the wrong is the right.

Our friend the gallant Captain or Major—we are not sure which, for the newspapers give him both titles—has had a rough time of it lately. We know, in common with all the world, what a brave stand he made the other night in Albert Square and outside the Free Trade Hall in defence of his Queen and the Constitution, how he stuck his battered hat upon his stick, and led his gallant followers on to their glorious demonstrations. But whence these cuts and bruises? Why this display of sticking plaster? It surely cannot be that his unwashed comrades have missed their aim with a missile intended for the windows of the Reform Club, and struck their leader. Captain—Major—O'Shea, may you and your plaster and bandages soon part company! Still, if you got your present severe wounds in the service of your grateful country you don't need to be ashamed of them!

MR. HARDY takes an awfully gloomy and alarming view of the situation. Perhaps he is right. "Confusion and violence," he cried, "are all around us; a spark may set on fire magazines of mischief and ruin which are not seen or understood. You do not know, you cannot know, what elements of deadly peril to your dearest interests are in the air. If you were aware, as it is impossible you should be, of the secret difficulties and dangers which encompass the situation, it would be realised that that which is to-day a question of six millions to place England in a state of preparation may be hereafter a question of six hundred millions to defend her very existence as an empire." All this, we say, may be true. But who played a leading part in bringing about all this desperate condition of things? Why, our Government, of course, for Turkey was encouraged to resist Russia in the expectation of receiving England's help. If Russian soldiers are now in Constantinople, and if Turkey has given over her powerful fleet, or a portion of it, to Russia, all this will only be another proof of how well the Earl of Beaconsfield has guarded British interests.

TEETOTAL ADDRESS TO AN OBJECT OF VENERATION.

THAT dear water butt! oh, that dear water butt!
In which the soft water gets mingled with soot;
What a blow to the mind, what a wrench to the heart,
If from that old water butt I had to part.

That dear water butt! oh, that dear water butt!
I ne'er from my mind its image can shut;
It haunts me in sleep, and e'en in my dreams
I fancy I'm drinking its soot-mingled streams.

That dear water butt! oh, that dear water butt!
Which in my yard corner is carefully put,
'Tis my heart's keenest joy, my soul's greatest delight,
To gloat o'er that water butt, morn, noon, and night.

That dear water butt! oh, that dear water butt!
How the "tipplers" invariably from it quicken;
And "Sir Wilfred" in speeches to it will allude,
In jokes which are witty but still are not rude.

I love thee! I love thee! my own water butt,
And I love the soft water that's mingled with soot;
'Twould fix me, I guess, half my love e'en to tell—
I love thee so dearly, so fondly, so well.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

HOPEFUL.—We never reject a good thing. You know the rest.

S.—Thanks; but your contribution is both too old and too long.

"SAM."—Many thanks; but you have neglected to name the time and place of meeting.

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Dear Sir,—I am requested by my friend, Capt. Henry Bird, who is now travelling in Siberia, to write that your Antilactic has completely cured him of a most violent attack of Lumbago, brought on by exposure during severe weather in crossing the mountains, and that one of his followers, who was found suffering from extreme prostration, cramps, and greatly impeded respiration, to a degree causing his comrades to look upon his cure as helpless, has wholly recovered from the same remedy. Capt. Bird adds that during all his travels he never possessed a more valuable medicine chest than now. It is with pleasure I make this communication, and you are at liberty to use the testimony in what way you think proper.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
Mr. VICKERS, Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames Street.

F. R. FRANCIS, F.S.A., M.T.E., S.L.

18, Downs Park Road, Dalston, Nov. 9th, 1877.

Dear Sir,—I have been troubled with Gout for some years, and have tried all kinds of advertised patent medicines, from which I have found little or no relief. The other day I was induced by a friend to try your ANTI LACTIC, which, I believe, has performed a perfect cure; in fact, although I am in my 63rd year, I feel as well and as young as I ever did in my life. You are at liberty to make any use you please of this letter, as I do not believe there is a nobler work than that of relieving suffering humanity.—Very respectfully,
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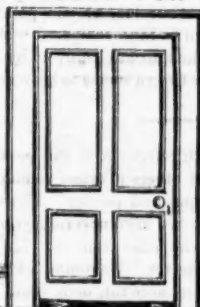
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